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Look strictly, & you'll quickly guess my Name:
Through Deserts, Snows & Rain I made my Way,
My Life was daily risqu'd to gain the Day!
I make no Promises to those that keep none.



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Virtue in Distress:

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Heroism Display'd.

CONTAINING

A succinct and true Relation of the Politick Methods taken by the Court of *France* to save the young *PRETENDER* from being made a Sacrifice to the late Peace. Also the Steps taken at the Congress at *Aix la Chapelle*, to frustrate any Resolutions that might be formed to the Prejudice of his Claims and Pretensions in *E—d*. With a just and particular Account of every Thing that happened before, at, and after his being arrested at *Paris*, to his Arrival at *Avignon*.

To which is added,

A short Narrative of the various Hardships and Accidents that befell him in *SCOTLAND*, after the Battle of *CULLODEN*, till his Escape to *France*.



L O N D O N :

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VIRTUE in DISTRESS:

O R,

Heroism Display'd.

TH E Policy of *France* is never more Conspicuous, nor shewn to greater Advantage, than in making Treaties of Pacification with those with whom they have been lately at Variance; and whatever has been their Success in the War, they seldom fail of foiling their Adversaries in settling the Terms of Peace. Whether this be owing to the Superiority of their Genius in Politicks, or to the too great Condescension and Complaisance of their Opponents, who resolve not to be outdone in Civility and good Manners, is a Point that I have not now Time to discuss at large. This is certain, that how sincere soever they may seem in their Negotiations, how distinct, plain and coercive soever the Terms of the Treaty are couch'd in, after it is once exchange'd and ratify'd by the contracting Parties,

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ties, then it is they set their Wits to Work, and all their Finesses are put in Use, to refine away the Spirit and true Intent and Meaning of the Treaty, by giving a new Turn to the most interesting Articles it contains. This, however, is not done immediately; their exhausted Treasury must be first replenish'd, their shatter'd Marine restor'd, and their broken Armies recruited. When every Thing is put in a proper Situation for Action, then it is their political Commentators employ their excellent Talents in writing Expositions on the Articles of the Peace; and how plain and intelligible soever the Text itself may be, they have such a Knack at puzzling the Truth, that whenever they take it in Hand, you seldom or ever get Sight of it again; and the plainest Meaning is made to speak a quite contrary Sense to what it was intended to convey. So that if they should happen to fail, either by the Obstinacy or Policy of their Adversaries, of stipulating in their Negotiations the most beneficial Terms for themselves; and they are tied up, as we say, to hard Meat, their only Remedy is, either to protract the Time of Execution, by inventing Causes of Delay, or to throw a Dust in the People's Eyes, by raising and propagating some unaccountable Story, to amuse the World, while the Ministry are playing their Tricks behind the Curtain.

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In the Cōngress of *Aix la Chapelle*, in which the late *Definitive Treaty* was concluded, the *French* Plenipotentiaries acted their Parts with their usual Dexterity, and got, I believe, better Terms for themselves than they could reasonably have expected : I say, better than they could have expected ; for if their Enemies had known to what a deplorable Condition the Kingdom of *France* in general was reduced ; that there was scarce a City, Town or Village, but what felt the Rage of Famine ; that their Manufactories were every where at a Stand, for want of Hands to work ; that their Commerce was absolutely ruin'd by the vast Number of Captures made of their trading Ships ; their Colonies entirely destroyed, or rendered useless by being block'd up by our Men of War ; their Royal Navy broken and shattered to Pieces by our brave Admirals with their Fleets ; that, in short, the People were every where become so poor by the continual Fleecings of the Government, that they were no longer able to furnish their usual Contributions : I say, whoever maturely weighs and considers these Things, must be surpriz'd that their Ministers were able to procure such advantageous Terms as they did at the late Congress. For, whenever was it known, that a Nation did not make all the Advantage possible of the Distresses of its declared Enemy ? But *Englishmen* have Gene-

rosity to a Proverb ; even amongst our lowest Class of People, when a Fray happens, and a Battle ensues, the surrounding Croud will not suffer the strongest Combatant to strike the other when he has brought him down and laid him at his Mercy ; and should he offer any Violence to his prostrate Adversary, he would run the Risque of a good Basting by the incensed Mobility. And this Humour is so general among all Ranks and Degrees of our People, that it seems to be one of the distinguishing Characters of an *Englishman*. But however laudable such a Disposition is in private Life, yet, I think, it should be excluded from Politicks, and never suffered to interfere with the Interest of the Nation. If we consult the *Greek* or *Roman* Histories, we shall find, that when either of those People had an implacable Enemy at their Mercy, they never spar'd to impose the severest Terms upon him, and even to exact every Severity in his Power to give for the Performance of them ; nay they cut off all probable Resources which he might have Recourse to, in order to recruit his broken Strength, and enable him to take the Field again with any Probability of Success. We *Britons*, however, bravely relying on our Courage and Magnanimity, think it Glory enough to have reduced an Adversary to the Necessity of suing for Mercy ; and to shew the contemptible

ble Opinion we have of him, disdainfully grant him his own Terms, being persuaded it is always in our Power to humble him, whenever he offers to ride resty, as the saying is.

But to come closer to the Point, and shew what excellent Game *France* has play'd in Relation to the young Pretender. This Gentleman and his Father have always been the Rod in her Hands whenever she had an Intention to Scourge the *English* Nation. 'Tis true, by the Treaty of *Utrecht* the Father was obliged, after a long Struggle with the *French* Ministry, to quit the Dominions of *France*, and retire to *Italy*. But how long did he stay there? Why, till she had by her Emisaries, work'd up the *Scots*, and the Disaffected in *England*, into an Humour to take Arms against their lawful King, and when that Scheme was ripe for Execution, this pretended Prince, whom but two Years before she had banished from her Presence, is sent for, and put at the Head of an Expedition, the Success of which must have been the Destruction of a Kingdom with whom she had lately entered into the strictest Alliance.

This was the Conduct of *France* in the Year 1715. Thirty Years afterwards, the *French* Ministry finding themselves pretty hard press'd by the *British* Troops in *Brabant*, thought it absolutely necessary to call them off from
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their hot Pursuit, and oblige them to return Home to defend their own Country, against which an Invasion was suddenly intended, but to which they could expect no great Success unless supported by the Jacobites and Disaffected in *England*. To which Purpose their Emissaries must be employed both in *England* and *Scotland*, to raise a Spirit of Rebellion among the People, by promising to send their young Master with such powerful Succours, as should enable him to regain the Throne of his Ancestors. Accordingly the eldest Son of the Chevalier is brought to *France*, and is honourably entertained at *Versailles*. The King and his Ministry assure him of employing their utmost Efforts in advancing him to the Triple Crown of *Great Britain*. Accordingly they furnish him with Money and all Sorts of Military Provisions wherewith to arm his Highland Subjects, while an Army would be in Readiness to pour into the Southern Parts of the Kingdom; by which Means he would have his Enemies between two Fires, which in all Probability would soon reduce them to nothing.

But however well concerted, and promising of Success, their Schemes, the Event has shewn that they were laid on a Sandy Foundation; and the Battle of *Culloden* put a final Period to that Rebellion; and the
young

young Hero was forced to return to his powerful Friend and Patron the *French* King, and bid an Adieu to that inhospitable Country from whence he had much ado to escape with his Life.

The *French* King, however, commiserating the Misfortunes of such a hopeful young Prince, whom he is pleased to honour with the Title of *Cousin*, comforts him with the strongest Assurances, that he should always make his Interests his own; that he would not only defend him against all his Enemies, but that he would afford him an Asylum so long as he should think fit to reside in his Dominions, and moreover would grant him such a Subsistence as should enable him to maintain the Port and Dignity of a Prince, so nearly allied, and so dear to him as he was. Prince *Edward*, as he is there called, depending on the Royal Word, hires the Hotel or Palace of *Carnavalet*, takes State upon him, and liv'd with the utmost Splendor and Magnificence; which he might do, if what the *French* News-writers say be true, namely, that he had a Pension of 500,000 Livres a Year allowed him.

Thus has he bask'd himself for about two Years in the warm Sunshine of the *French* Court, except some short Time that he was in the Army. Favour'd and countenanced by the King, he soon found himself caress'd
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by all the Great Men of the Court ; Homage and Respect was paid him by all Ranks and Degrees of People ; Pleasures and Amusements of all Kinds were as it were thrown in his Way ; and every thing contributed to flatter his Pride and Vanity. It's no Wonder therefore, that he shew'd so much Reluctancy in returning to *Rome*, where he knew he should find nothing to suit the Politeness of his Taste, which had been much refin'd since his Residence in *France*. Nor need we be much at a Loss to account for his late Unwillingness to quit that delicious Paradise, since he was pretty sure he should never be so happily situated in in any other Place. That is, supposing that the Accounts we have had from *Paris*, of his Conduct when civilly requested to leave the Kingdom, are true ; but as that Affair was managed in a very mysterious Manner, we may have Reason to doubt the Authenticity of those Accounts ; but more of this by and by.

Last Spring, *France* finding that her Conquests on Land did not commensurate with her Losses at Sea, thought it high Time to consider in good Earnest of a Peace ; and without long Hesitation procur'd a Congress to be held at *Aix la Chapelle*, where all the Disputes which had occasioned the War, were to be finally settled and determined.

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The Young Pretender easily foreseeing that Judgment would pass against him in this Court, without a Possibility of his bringing a Writ of Error, or removing his Cause to another where he might expect a more favourable Hearing, tried all the Ways and Means he could think of, to prevent or frustrate the decisive Sentence which must cut off all his future Hopes and Expectations. To this End he caused Protest upon Protest to be fixed over the Doors of the several Plenipotentiaries; and you may be sure did not forget to stick one over that of the House where the Ambassadors held their publick Meetings; signifying that he protested in the most solemn Manner, against every Thing that should be transacted in the Congress to the Prejudice of his Interest; nay, he took all imaginable Pains to have them read in the Assemblies, and recorded among the Acts of the Congress. But, alas! he found his Interest too weak, and that his Papers, instead of being treated with Respect, were contemptuously torn to Pieces and trampled under Foot. Even the Minister of his Great Patron did but once interpose a Word in his Favour, and then met with such a Rebuff from the Earl of *Sandwich*, that he did not think proper to open his Lips in his Behalf afterwards: For the Count de *St. Severin* only hinted how agreeable it would be to his Most Christian

Majesty to have some Provision made for a Settlement for Prince *Edward*, and he was roundly answered by the Earl, *That if his Excellency offer'd to insist any more on that Head, he had Orders from his Master to withdraw himself from the Congress immediately.* This bold and serious Declaration put an effectual Stop to every Motion that might in the least favour his Interest; and our Ambassador behaved with such Firmness in regard to the Pretender, that he declared, that unless *France* would first stipulate that he should be entirely banished her Dominions, he would not give his Consent, either by Word or Writing, to any Preliminaries for a general and definitive Treaty of Peace; but that in Case that Obstacle was first removed, he was ready to concur in every reasonable Measure conducive to that End.

The *French* Ministry perceiving the Resolution of the *British* Court, and that Peace was not to be had unless that Article was absolutely agreed to, thought proper to acquiesce. 'Tis true, it was with some Difficulty that this hard Morfel was swallowed, nor was it very easy of Digestion when down—but needs must when—a Peace must be had at any Rate; and since that Goddess must have a Sacrifice on so solemn an Occasion, who so proper to be laid on the Altar as one whose Importance was not very considerable

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considerable on the Stage of the World. Besides, the *French* would plead a notable Precedent for giving up the Interest of the young Pretender, and turning him out of the Kingdom, after he had served their Purpose. Did they not use his Father in the same Manner, after he had been their Tool to execute their Vengeance on the *British* Nation? Why then should the Son expect any better Treatment, or be surprized that the *French* King did not keep his Word with him? But he is a young Man, and therefore is excusable. A little more Experience will teach him more Knowledge; and that Knowledge will instruct him what Dependance he is to make on *French* Promises.

The *French* Ministers, to serve Appearances, and to give some Colour for their unkind Treatment of the young Gentleman, acquaint him, that tho' they were obliged to give Way to the Necessity of the Times, and to send him out of the Kingdom: Yet that they would provide a Residence for him in some other Country, where he might live with all the Splendor and Magnificence his Heart could wish. To this Purpose Dispatches are immediately sent to their Minister and Resident in *Switzerland*, with Orders for him to ask Permission of the laudable Canton of *Fribourg*, for their Friend Prince *Edward* to retire there. The *French* Ambassador having

received his Master's Orders, immediately wrote the following Letter to the Regency of that Canton.

Magnificent Lords,

‘ **P**RINCE Edward, Son of James
 ‘ Stuart of England, having acquainted
 ‘ the King of his Desire of leaving the
 ‘ Kingdom and going to *Switzerland*, in or-
 ‘ der to fix his Residence there, his Majesty
 ‘ could wish that it were agreeable to you to
 ‘ give him an Asylum in your City, being
 ‘ persuaded that he would be there with more
 ‘ Satisfaction and Safety, as he is a Prince
 ‘ very dear to him, and whose retiring from
 ‘ his Dominions he cannot look upon but
 ‘ with Regret.

‘ This Complaisance on your Part, Magni-
 ‘ ficent Lords, would be the more agreeable to
 ‘ us, as we are convinced your Hearts would
 ‘ have as great a Share in it, seeing you have
 ‘ always shewn a ready Inclination to oblige
 ‘ our Nation; this would be a fresh Motive
 ‘ to us to participate of the Interests of your
 ‘ Laudable Canton, and give you in particu-
 ‘ lar the most signal Proofs of our Good-will.
 ‘ I entreat the Almighty to continue to grant
 ‘ you Prosperity in every Thing that can be
 ‘ most advantageous to you.’

Dated at Soleurre,

June 24, 1748.

Yours, &c.

It deserves Remark, that this Letter is artfully couch'd in the most smooth and flattering Terms that it could possibly be conceiv'd in, and suited to make an Impression on the People to whom it was addressed, who are noted for their rustick and unpolish'd Behaviour: For, tho', like our Quakers, they treat their Neighbours with but little Ceremony, yet they expect to be used with all the Civility and good Manners imaginable. Accordingly, the Resident's Letter met with the most favourable Reception he could expect or desire; and an Answer was return'd him, that his Master's Request was very agreeable to them, and that they would not fail to oblige him to the utmost of their Power.

While this Affair was in Agitation, and the Regency of that Canton were pursuing Measures to bring over the other Cantons to join with them in obliging their High and Great Ally, in a Matter of so *small* Importance, Mr. *Burnaby*, the *British* Ambassador to the Laudable Cantons, was perfectly informed of every Step that was taken in the Affair, and gave his Court an Account of it, desiring their Directions in what manner to proceed. Having received his Instructions, he wrote the following Letter to the Regency of *Fribourg*.

Magnificent

Magnificent Lords,

AS soon as I was inform'd of the Proposal made to you at *Arberg*, by the *French* Ambassador, my Duty obliged me to acquaint the King my Master with it. I also took Care to inform his Majesty with the Answer which you thought proper to make to that Ambassador by your Deputies, by signifying to him that the Canton of *Fribourg* consented to receive and give Refuge to the Pretender's eldest Son, giving him in that Answer the Title of *Royal Highness*. The King at first was very unwilling to believe it; but I leave you to judge how extremely surprized he must have been, when at the same Time that I had the Honour to send his Majesty the Letter from the laudable *Helvetick Body* dated the 31st of *July*, I confirmed my former Advices. In fact, it is a Thing beyond my Comprehension, and which makes me quite at a Stand, that, without consulting with, or giving me the least Notice, you could listen to the artificial Reports which were spread abroad, as if the King consented, or could ever think of consenting, that that young Man should take up his Residence in *Switzerland*. You certainly did not, at that Time, Magnificent Lords, call to mind, that neither his late Majesty the King of *England*, of glorious Memory,

‘ Memory, nor her Majesty Queen *Anne*,
 ‘ would, upon any Account whatsoever, per-
 ‘ mit any Prince in Friendship with the
 ‘ Crown of *Great Britain*, to give Protection
 ‘ to the Father of that young *Italian* in any of
 ‘ their Dominions on this Side the *Alps*.
 ‘ His glorious Majesty at present upon the
 ‘ Throne, who has just delivered *Europe* from
 ‘ the Fetters that were forging for it, and
 ‘ who is actually ready to restore Peace to it,
 ‘ upon just and honourable Conditions, has
 ‘ much stronger Reasons to promise himself,
 ‘ that after all his generous Efforts to support
 ‘ the Free States in their Independence,
 ‘ which was in a tottering Condition, and af-
 ‘ ter bestowing immense Treasures towards
 ‘ restoring the Publick Tranquility, neither
 ‘ you, *Magnificent Lords*, nor any of the
 ‘ laudable Cantons of *Switzerland*, will re-
 ‘ ceive or protect the Person who pretends to
 ‘ his Crown, or any of his Descendants;
 ‘ whose Race is odious to all *British* Subjects,
 ‘ and proscribed by the Laws of *Great Bri-*
 ‘ *tain*. Such a Step on your Part, without
 ‘ the Participation of your Allies, would be a
 ‘ pretty odd Contrast to the cordial Expres-
 ‘ sions, so full of Gratitude, contained in the
 ‘ Letter herewith enclosed, which the lauda-
 ‘ ble *Helvetick Body* so lately wrote to his
 ‘ Majesty. I beg of you seriously to reflect
 ‘ upon this, and also upon the Contents of
 ‘ what

what I now write to you by the King's express Command, and that there may be no Mistake in an Affair so delicate, and of so much Importance, I desire that your Answer may be such as may induce his Majesty to act vigorously, as he has done heretofore, in every thing that may be of Service to you.

Berne, Sept. 8, 1748. Sign'd, BURNABY.

The Answer of the Regency of the Canton of Fribourg to the foregoing Letter.

S I R,

THE Letter which you gave yourself the Trouble to write to our Little and Great Council, dated the 8th of September, was drawn up in Terms of so little Respect, and so improper to be addressed to a sovereign State, that we think it deserves no Answer; and moreover, the Style of it, Sir, is such, as can never induce us to consult you upon the Constitution or Sovereignty of this State. As to the rest, we remain, &c.

This short but rough Answer to the Minister of a potent King, who is not only in Alliance with them, but of the same Protestant Religion

Religion which they profess, discovers pretty much the natural Temper and Disposition of that People, and at the same Time shews their Readiness to oblige the King of *France*, and their Fondness to entertain the Guest proposed to be sent to them. But however, they pleased themselves with the Conceit of the Rectitude of their Proceedings, they had the Mortification to find, that the other Laudable Cantons refused to concur with their Measures. So that if the young Pretender should at last take up his future Residence at *Fribourg*, that Canton alone must be answerable for the Consequences of disobliging the King of *Great Britain*.

But to return to the young Pretender. As there does not appear in the *Definitive Treaty*, lately concluded, any Article which stipulates that the *French King* shall abandon, or banish from his Dominions his *Dear Cousin*, yet it must be supposed, that his Ministers at the Congress, gave their Honour, as well as that of their Master's, that the Person in Question, who was so offensive to the *British* Nation, should be sent out of the Kingdom immediately after the Signing of the Articles of General Pacification. This indeed was a Pill not easy of Digestion, but being well assured, that the *British* Court would hearken to no Terms if this Preliminary Article was not comply'd with; and being also sensible

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that

that another Campaign would be the utter Ruin of *France*, even though it should prove successful, thought fit to swallow it.

Accordingly, about the Beginning of *November* last, the Duke of *Gefures* was sent by the King's Order to the young Pretender, to intimate to him, ' That as the present Situation of Affairs did not admit of his staying any longer in *France*, his Majesty would be glad to see him repair to whatever Place he chuses to reside in.' The Answer he returned was, *That he had not forgot what the King told him at his first coming there, and that he would receive no Orders but from his Majesty's own Mouth.*

This unexpected Answer, it's pretended, mightily embarrass'd the *French* Court. But be that as it will, it deserves Remark, how well it corresponds with the Assurances which the *French* Ambassador gave to the Regency of *Fribourg*, *That Prince Edward, Son of James Stuart of England, had acquainted the King with his Desire to leave the Kingdom and go into Switzerland, in order to fix his Residence there.* However, as it does not appear that the young Pretender was instructed how to behave on this delicate Occasion, or that this Answer was put into his Mouth by the *French* Ministry. I will not be so positive as to assert, that they acted an insincere Part at first; tho' in what follow'd, there seems

a pretty deal of Prevariation in their Conduct.

A little before this happened, the Pretender's Son, whether from any Assurances he had received that he should not be obliged to quit *Paris*, or whether from an Ambition of appearing with a Grandeur equal to the Princes of the Blood, or what other Motive was his Inducement, is not certainly known; but this is certain, that he had resolved to furnish his House in the most magnificent Manner, and to that End, bespoke a very rich Set of Plate of the King's Goldsmith, and ordered it to be ready against a Day which he appointed. The Goldsmith, perhaps, distrusting the promptness of his Payment, or for some other Reason, told him, that he had a Service of Plate which he must finish for his Majesty out of Hand, and therefore begged his Patience for a little longer Time. But the young Gentleman would brook no Delay, and insisted on his being served first. The Goldsmith, a little surprized at this Answer, went immediately to Court, and acquainted the King with what had passed. Upon which his Majesty ordered him to comply with the Prince's Directions, and to place the Expence to the Royal Account.

About the same Time arrived at the *French* Court the Earl of *Suffex* and the Lord *Cathcart*, the two Hostages who were sent by the *British*

Court, as a Security for the Performance of that Article in the *Definitive Treaty*, whereby the King of *Great Britain* obliged himself to evacuate and deliver up to the *French*, all our Conquests in the *East* and *West Indies* within a Time limited ; and, it seems, by what happened on this Occasion, as if there was a secret Article, by which the *French* Monarch engaged his Faith and Honour, to send away the young Pretender out of his Dominions, as soon as the *English* Hostages were presented to that Court. For no sooner were these Noblemen come to *Paris*, but the Duke of *Gefvres* was dispatched with a Message to the young Pretender, to require him to depart to his Place of Residence, as above related. But by the Answer he return'd, it appearing that he was not disposed to comply with that Order, the *French* Ministry, to blind the Hostages, advised him to keep himself private for some Time ; and accordingly he was not seen in Publick for seven Days afterwards ; and in the mean while caused a Report to be spread that he was actually gone to the Place which was design'd for his future Residence. After this he appear'd again for two Days in all publick Places, which did not a little Surprise the Lords *Sussex* and *Cathcart*.

The Pretender being informed, that the two *English* Lords complained of his being yet at *Paris*, again disappeared for three Days,
and

and all the *French* Lords, in order to deceive the *English*, gave out that he was at length gone from *Paris*, and had taken the Road towards *Britany*, in order to embark there for the Island of *Malta*. He passed this Time of his Absence at the Hotel of the Princess *Tal-
mont*, the Queen's Cousin, where the Nobility resorted in Crowds to divert themselves; and at the Expiration thereof appeared again in Publick, without seeming to trouble himself about what might happen to him.

The Princess of *Tal-
mont* having indiscreetly applauded the Resolution of the Pretender not to quit *France*, the King gave Orders she should appear no more at Court, till she heard farther from him.

The *British* Hostages could not but think that this Bravado of the Pretender, was done on purpose to affront and mortify them; and indeed there was the strongest Presumption to imagine it was done with that View. In this Persuasion they waited on the Marquis de *Puyfieux*, and represented to him, ' That they
' were greatly surpriz'd, that the Point which
' ought to be look'd upon as the most Im-
' portant, the least Attention was paid to;
' that their Court would be struck with A-
' mazement to hear that the Son of the Pre-
' tender continued at *Paris*, in the seeming
' good Graces of his Majesty, after the Ple-
' nipotentiaries of *France* at *Aix*, had given
' those

‘ those of *Great Britain* the strongest Assurances, that immediately after Signing the *Definitive Treaty*, he should receive Orders and be obliged to depart the Kingdom of *France*.

The Marquis, to satisfy them, related every Thing that had been done to overcome his Obstinacy: In particular he acquainted them with the Message that the Duke of *Gefvres* carried him from his Majesty, with the Answer he return’d to it. Also of what passed between the Pretender and the same Nobleman, upon a second Order from the King to the same Purpose, and his Reply to which was, ‘ That the King having promis’d him an Asylum in *France*, he could not obey, unless the King would retract his Promise, Face to Face.’ And that the Duke offering him a Blank Paper, sign’d, that he might fill it with up with whatever Sums he thought a suitable Pension, he replied, ‘ Pensions are quite out of the Questions; I only desire the King would keep his Word with me.’ The Marquis then assured them, that his Majesty only waited the Return of a Courier he had sent to *Rome*, before he took a Resolution upon this Subject.

In the mean Time the Pretender employ’d himself in drawing up a State of his Case, wherein he sets forth the Reasons that induced

duced him to oppose the King's Pleasure so firmly as he had done; and intimated somewhat of a Treaty, that he says was heretofore concluded with him, under the Title of Regent of *Scotland*. This Manifesto, or what else you please to call it, was handed about in Manuscript, in order to justify his Conduct. But one would think he might have learnt so much of the *French* Government as to know, that vain is the Attempt to dispute the Pleasure of a Prince, who knows no Law superior to that of his own Will.

The Courier which had been sent with an Account of these Transactions to the old Pretender at *Rome*, return'd back to *Paris*, *December* the 9th, charged with a Letter to the King, inclosing one, unsealed, to his Son, which his Majesty immediately sent to him by *M. de Maurepas*, and to know his last Determination.

Here follows a Translation of the Letter which the old Pretender wrote to his Son, to persuade him to a ready Acquiescence with the King's Pleasure.

Dear Son,

‘ **N**otwithstanding all the Care you have
 ‘ taken to conceal from me what has
 ‘ passed between the Court of *France* and
 ‘ you, since the signing of the Prelimi-
 naries

' naries of Peace, I am informed of every
 ' Particular. I must confess I could not read,
 ' without great Surprize, and a deep Con-
 ' cern, your Letter to the Duke de *Gefvres*
 ' of the 6th Inst. Could you, or any Body
 ' else, imagine you ought to stay in *France*
 ' against the King's Will? Therefore your
 ' Drift in resisting his Intentions in this Re-
 ' spect, could not be to continue your Resi-
 ' dence in his Kingdom. When you talk
 ' of Reluctance, or of being forced, for the
 ' Sake of your Rights or Interest, to act as
 ' you do, you plainly shew, that it is not by
 ' your own Will and Sentiments you are
 ' guided, but by the Persuasions of other
 ' Men. God knows who they are. But
 ' can they be your true Friends, who give
 ' you such Counsels?

' It is evident, that in resisting on this Oc-
 ' casion his most Christian Majesty's Inten-
 ' tions, such Resistance can tend to nothing
 ' else but to break with the King out of mere
 ' Whim or Frolick, and so incur his just
 ' Indignation. Certainly, no sober sensible,
 ' Man, how much soever he may be *France's*
 ' Enemy, if he really wishes you well, would
 ' ever advise you, but especially in your pre-
 ' sent Circumstance, to break with a Potent-
 ' tate that has made all *Europe* respect him.

' If you reflect ever so little on what has
 ' happened within these few Years, you must
 ' be

' be sensible that your Conduct has not been
 ' such as it ought to have been. You must
 ' know with what Patience and Moderation
 ' I have carried myself towards you : You
 ' know the full Liberty I gave you, not omit-
 ' ting, however, to write to you every Post,
 ' tho' you gave me plainly to understand,
 ' that it was not from me you took Counsel :
 ' Wherefore, of late, I have been very spar-
 ' ing of it, seeing the little Impression my
 ' Letters made on you.

' But on the present Occasion I cannot
 ' keep Silence. I see you standing on the
 ' Brink of the Precipice, ready to tumble in ;
 ' and should be an unnatural Father, if I did
 ' not do what little lies in my Power to save
 ' you. For this Reason I find myself obliged
 ' to command you, as your Father, and as
 ' your King, to conform, without Delay, to
 ' the Intentions of his Most Christian Ma-
 ' jesty, by leaving his Dominions.

' Notwithstanding your leaving me so much
 ' in the Dark, in regard to your Concerns, I
 ' neither fear nor hesitate to lay this Injunc-
 ' tion on you ; because, in Effect, I only
 ' command *that* which will be equally done
 ' whether I command it or not. I cannot
 ' imagine any Case wherein it might be pro-
 ' per, even for your Interests, to break thus
 ' with the *French* Court. As to the rest, to
 ' let you see how tenderly I use my Authority

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' over you, I will not prescribe to what Place
 ' you are to go to. You know as well as
 ' myself what Countries you may safely reside
 ' in; and since you have made some Objec-
 ' tions to the Retreat offer'd you in *Switzer-*
 ' *land*, I am to suppose you have another in
 ' your Eye; at least as conveniently situated
 ' for your Affairs, and as agreeable to your
 ' Countrymen.

' In fine, my dear Son, think seriously on
 ' the Step you are going to take. If you
 ' persist in disobeying my Orders, and resist-
 ' ing the Intentions of his Most Christian
 ' Majesty, I foresee they will make you do
 ' that by Force, which you will not do by
 ' fair Means: And if they proceed to violent
 ' Methods, it naturally follows that you will
 ' be brought back to this City; which will
 ' be neither agreeable to your Temper, nor
 ' for your Interest. What a Noise will not
 ' this make in the World! And what Bene-
 ' fit will accrue to you from it? Nothing, in-
 ' deed, but a Name and a Character, which
 ' may in an Instant blast all the Reputation
 ' you have acquired: For, without Prudence
 ' in Adversity, there can be no such thing as
 ' solid Virtue, or true Courage.

' I leave you to judge of the Uneasiness I
 ' shall be under, 'till I hear what Effect this
 ' Letter may have. It is written by a Fa-
 ' ther full of Tenderness for you, and solely
 ' intent

‘ intent on your real Glory and Advantage.
 ‘ Praying God to bless and direct you, I
 ‘ heartily embrace you, &c.

Dated at Rome, November 23, 1748, N. S.

We need not doubt the old Chevalier's Concern, at the Time of his writing this Letter, for the State to which his Son's Affairs were reduced ; however, as he knew it was in vain to oppose the *French* King's Will, we find he us'd his utmost Endeavours to subdue a Resolution which he found Prince *Edward* had taken of remaining in *France* at all Events: And tho' he had sufficient Reasons to have been displeased at the *French* King's having broke his Promise, yet he well knew it was in vain to dispute this Affair with that Monarch ; notwithstanding the many weighty Arguments which might have been used on this Occasion.

And without Doubt, this bold Youth was encouraged by his Adherents, to oppose the Orders which he had received ; in Hopes that his Majesty would not use any Violence to his Person : Besides 'tis natural to imagine, that he thought the *French* King incapable of breaking his Royal Word with him ; and that could he remain in *France*, he should always have an Opportunity of cultivating Friendship with those of his Party in *Great Britain*,

and of keeping up the Spirit of his Cause, till he could again invade that Kingdom.

However, he soon found his Mistake; for, *M. de Maurepas* having acquainted the King that Prince *Edward* continued refractory, as well in Disobedience to his Majesty's Commands, as to the Injunctions of his Father, and that he still appear'd every where in publick, as if careless or fearless of any Consequences that might affect his Liberty, tho' he was assured by several of his Friends, that he would certainly be arrested if he persisted in his Obstinacy; his Majesty thereupon ordered an Extraordinary Council to be held the 10th Instant, where it was resolved to put him under an Arrest, and to convey him by Force out of the Kingdom. The next Day it was known all over *Paris*, that the Duke de *Biron*, Colonel of the Regiment of *French* Guards, had received such an Order from the King; and even the very Day, in the Evening of which the Pretender was arrested, a Person of Distinction came to him as he was walking in the *Tuilleries*, and told him of the King's Order, which he assur'd him would be executed, if he did not leave *Paris* that very Day; but he only laugh'd at the Warning, and immediately order'd one of his Attendants to go to the Opera House, and secure the first Box for him.

And

And Letters from *Paris* positively affirm, that the Pretender had lodged some Barrels of Powder and a Quantity of Fire-Arms in his House, being resolved to repel Force by Force, in case any Violence had been offered him there; in Imitation of *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, who, with a few of his Attendants, defended themselves in his House against a whole Army of *Turks*. But the *French* Ministry, knowing his Valour, and unwilling to cause any Effusion of Blood, concluded to do the Business in the most private and unsuspected Manner possible.

In Consequence of this, thirty Men from each Company of the Duke de *Biron's* Regiment, were commanded to cover the Design, and eight Serjeants in the Habit of Tradesmen, were ordered to post themselves at the two Entries into the Opera. On *Tuesday*, about Five in the Evening, the young Pretender came thither, accompanied by three of his Lords. As soon as he got out of his Coach to enter the Passage into the Opera, two of the Serjeants took him fast by the Arms, to prevent any Resistance, and having lifted him up, two other Serjeants crossing their Arms, carried him into the *Court of the Fountains*, where the Duke of *Biron* was, with *M. de Vaudreville*, formerly Captain of Grenadiers, and at present Major in the Guards, while the Soldiers, with their Bayonets

nets fixed, kept off the Croud, and secured his Followers. *M. de Vaudreville* then advanced, and addressed him in these Words, *I arrest you on the Part of the King; Prince deliver your Arms.* The young Pretender immediately presented his Sword; and upon searching him, after they had brought him within Doors, they found about him a Brace of Pistols and a Poniard. He complained bitterly of the Manner in which he was arrested, asking, *If this was fit Usage for the Grandson of a King?*

After they had conferred with him a little while, they put him into a Coach drawn by six Horses, behind which were four Serjeants, and two within, and three Brigades of the Horse *Guet*, or City Watch, round about the Coach; and several Hackney Coaches followed with the Pretender's Officers, guarded by some Serjeants: When they came to *St. Anthony's Gate*, which is in the Road to *Vincennes*, they changed Horses.

In the mean while, a Detachment of the King's Guards went to his House, secured all his People, and carried them to the *Bastille*; and the Lieutenant of the Police affixed his Seal upon his Effects.

Being arrived at *Vincennes*, they carried him into a Ground Room, which smoaked so excessively that they were obliged to put out the Fire. The Major then asked him,

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If he would give his Word that he would not attempt any Thing against his Life? He fiercely answer'd, *That he would not give his Word to those who did not keep theirs.* The Major upon this order'd his Arms to be tied with a Ribbon. The Pretender then asked, *If he was in the Hands of his Friends or Enemies ; and if they were going to carry him to London?* The Officer answered, *No, no, my Orders are only to carry you into this Castle.*

He would eat no Supper, tho' the Cloth was laid, nor be persuaded to undress himself. He threw himself however upon the Bed in his Cloaths, and wrapped himself in the Coverlid ; and after a while, being a little more compos'd, he said, *Ifancy I shall yet see another Opera ; it seem'd as if the People were pleas'd with my Company.* He would not, however, take any kind of Nourishment for two Days, and then called for a Crust of Bread.

The Court of the Castle of *Vincennes*, and the Avenues were occupied by a Detachment of Troops, which were changed every Day. And several other Detachments had Orders to post themselves at proper Distances upon the Road, to conduct him to the Place of his Destination.

But on *Saturday* the King called a Council again, in order to take a final Resolution on this troublesome Affair ; and it was then resolv'd that the Pretender's Son should be sent
away

away the next Day. Accordingly, *Sunday, December 15*, in the Morning, he, with some of his Domesticks, set out in three Post-Chaises from *Vincennes*, without any other Escorte than *M. de Persigny*, an Officer in the *Musquetaires*, who was charged to conduct him to *Pont Beauvoisin*. To whom the young Chevalier said,
 ‘ Pray commend me to the King your Master;
 ‘ I suppose his Majesty will not fail to beat up
 ‘ my Quarters, in order to favour the first daring
 ‘ Project that offers: You may tell him,
 ‘ my Heart is not yet quite broken, and that I
 ‘ do not despair of being one Day able to serve
 ‘ his Majesty in a better Capacity.’

It was a considerable Time before the Publick was certainly inform’d of the Place to which he had retir’d; some Reports having sent him to *Fribourg*, others to *Bologna*, and others to *Malta*: But at length, positive Advices from *France* assur’d us, that he was arriv’d at *Avignon* in *Italy*, and had made his publick Entry there the 2d of *January*, attended by all the Nobility and Gentry in that City, and the Country adjacent, escorted by a Party of the Pope’s Guards, to the Palace appointed for his future Residence; where he was no sooner arriv’d, but he was waited on by the Magistrates of the City in their Formalities, with their Compliments of Respect and Felicitation. Some, however, pretend to say, that his Stay there will not be long, but that he will soon go over to the Island of *Malta*. How far their Conjectures are true, must be left to Time; that great Discoverer of Secrets.

A succinet

A succinct Narrative of the Conduct and Sufferings of the YOUNG PRETENDER in SCOTLAND, after his Defeat at the Battle of CULLODEN, till his Escape to FRANCE.

IN the preceding Account of the Young Pretender, we may discover a Resolution suitable to the Spirit, and becoming the Dignity of a Prince; we see him bravely opposing all the Measures of the *French* Ministry; defying their Menaces, and even calling in Question the Sincerity of their Great Master and his own Royal Patron. Now, indeed, he enjoyed the Smiles of Fortune, liv'd splendidly, far'd sumptuously, and had the Appointment of a Prince for his Subsistence. But let us view the same Man in Adversity, pinch'd with Hunger, freezing with Cold, haunting the most unfrequented Places for Safety, Shoeless and sore with hard Travelling, and passing many cold Nights under Hedges and among Bushes, with only Rags to cover him, and labouring under the most nauseous Distemper: I say, let us view him in this Light, and see whether we can discern any Seeds of that Bravery which lately caused such Confusion in the Councils

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of *France*, by his undaunted Perseverance in opposing the King's Pleasure? As his Behaviour in both Respects has been very extraordinary, and his late Conduct at that Court scarce to be parallell'd, we apprehend that a Description of his Temper and Demeanour, while suffering the most rigorous Hardships, will shew as much Greatness of Soul, as when basking in the Sunshine of Prosperity.

No sooner did the young Adventurer perceive his Army entirely routed at the Battle of *Culloden*, but he made the best of his Way over the Water of *Nairn*, and then stopping to take a Retrospect of the Field, he had the Mortification to see the most dreadful Scene that could possibly be presented to his Eyes; his Troops dispersed and flying all over the Country, and their Enemies, with the most inveterate Animosity, pursuing, killing, and destroying them without Mercy. The Clans, who had stood the Storm and Fury of the Battle, retreated the same Way; and being got over the *Nairn*, about Two Miles from the Place of Action, set up their Standard, which the Pretender seeing, repaired to it. Presently they observed a Party making towards them, and suspecting them for Enemies, were under no small Apprehension; but on their Approach found them to be their good Friends the *Mac Phersons*, who, supposing they were on the Point of
engaging

engaging the Royalists, were come to join them; but *Clunie* their Chief, soon finding that a Battle had been fought, and that his young Master's Forces were overthrown, he offered to return to the Field, and try their Fortune again, with the Assistance of 600 brave Fellows he had brought with him.

' No, said the Chevalier, it is too late for my
' faithfullest Followers are almost all cut to
' Pieces; *Lochiel* and *Keppoch* are wounded,
' with many others. We are too few to
' encounter the Usurper's Forces, who are in
' Possession of our Cannon: And even if we
' should return, my Orders would still be
' counteracted as formerly. My Case is,
' at present, bad, but then it would be irre-
' trievable. Good God! why did I not leave
' this wretched Body on the Field of Battle.
' Why am I reserved to this unhappy Hour,
' to see my best, my sincerest Friends suffer
' so much Misery, so many Calamities on my
' Account?' *Clunie* perceiving that the Che-
valier's Affairs were irrecoverably ruined,
thought it his best Way to take Care of him-
self; which he soon did by making his Sub-
mission to the Government.

Clunie and his Clan having thus left the Chevalier to his own Fortune, his few Friends that were about him, advised him, in this Emergency, to consult his old and sure Friend Lord *Lovat*, what Course to pursue. His

Lordship then lodging with Mr. *Frazer* of *Gortlick* in *Stratherrick*, the Chevalier, with twenty Horsemen, set out at Six o'Clock, and arrived there at Nine the same Evening, and presented himself before his old Friend, who, instead of advising and comforting him in his Affliction, entertained him with such Lamentations and Complaints as these : ‘ Chop off my Head, chop off my Head, said old *Simon* : My own Family, with all the great Clans, are undone, and the whole Blame will fall upon me. O ! is there, no Friend here that will put an End to my Life and Misery ! ’ Nobody returning him any Answer, the Chevalier made this Reply : ‘ I pray your Lordship, don’t despair : We have had two Days of them already, and will have yet, another Day, a Bout with them.’ But his Lordship, who was not to be pacified with Lenitives, or sooth’d with flattering Tales, would neither advise, nor attend to any Proposals that were offered by others.

The Woman of the House observing the Chevalier to be much dispirited and out of Heart, thro’ Fatigue and want of Rest, roasted a Fowl for him, part of which he eat, and then retired to his Chamber in order to repose himself, but the unhappy Situation of his Affairs would not suffer him to close his Eyes ; so getting up, and looking out of the Window,

Window, saw some of his Guards coming towards him, went down and saluted them in a very friendly Manner. He again entreated his Lordship to consult with him what was best to be done in this critical Juncture; but in vain, for he would hear nothing, nor advise any Thing, but continued to exclaim against his hard and rigorous Fate.

The Chevalier finding no good was to be done, withdrew with his Followers, into another Appartment, where having refreshed themselves with such Provision as the House afforded, he dismissed the greatest Part of his People, with a short but pathetick Speech, which he concluded in Words to this Effect: ‘ Gentlemen, I have nothing more to
 ‘ add, but my Advice, that you would con-
 ‘ sult your own Safety in the best Manner
 ‘ you can. I have it no longer in my Power
 ‘ to advance your Pay, [*which he cou’d scarce*
 ‘ *utter without bursting into Tears*] but if you
 ‘ should have the good Fortune to escape from
 ‘ hence, you may depend upon all my Inte-
 ‘ rest and Endeavours Abroad, to obtain a
 ‘ Subsistence for you, in foreign Service, suit-
 ‘ able to your several Ranks and Merits.

The Chevalier was now in the most distressed Condition. His only Attendants were seven Officers, two Servants, and his Favourites O Sullivan and Sir Thomas Sherridan, of whose Experience and Policy he now stood
 in

in the greatest Need to steer him in his future Course.

Upon a Consultation held with these Friends, it was resolved to keep at as great a Distance from the Enemy as possible, and to that End it was proposed to go directly to *Glengary*; and accordingly they took Horse, and on the Road, he had the Mortification to see many of his Followers wounded and expiring for want of Nourishment.

Being arrived at *Glengary* Castle, Mr. *Mac Donald* the Owner of it, who was secretly, as his Clan were publicly in his Interest, entertained him and his Attendants with great Civility and Humanity. Here the Chevalier was in Safety as to his Person, though under the greatest Anxiety when he reflected on his Misfortunes.

Two Days afterwards he was join'd by *Lochiel* dangerously wounded in his Ankle, with many of his Followers, some in no better, and many in a much worse Condition; some ready to die with the Smart and Pain of their undress'd Wounds, and others sinking under the Weight of their own Bodies for want of Nourishment. This was a Heart-breaking Sight to the Chevalier, who was less able to bear the Distresses of others, than he was his own.

The 20th of *April*, the Lords *Perth*, *Drummond*, and *Nairn* came to the Chevalier at
Glengary,

Glengary, whom they found so entirely overwhelmed with Grief, that he had scarce Resolution enough to know or speak to them ; but by taking some Cordials, and other vivifying Remedies, he recovered his Senses, so as to be able to tell them, that he was extremely glad to see them ; yet wished he had died in the Battle, rather than survive to be a Witness of the sad Calamities, which, thro' his Means, had been brought upon them.

In the mean Time several of the Corps and Stragglers, that had hid themselves from the Fury of the Enemy, some half dead with their Wounds, and all near famish'd for want of Food, were continually coming in, and gave dismal Accounts of their Miseries. The Chevalier was extremely affected at their piteous and lamentable Condition, and he said,
 ' I am sorry to have brought any such Hardships upon these poor People ; and the best
 ' Way to prevent the like for the future, is
 ' to give over all further Attempts ; for our
 ' Cause is now desperate, and would to God
 ' I had died in the Field.'

Here they continued till the 23d, when being informed that General *Campbell*, with a large Body of the *Argyleshire* Militia from *Inverness* were marching towards them, the Chevalier, with his Company, went away to *Achnacharrie*, where they found *Lockiel* ; who no sooner saw them, but he immediately
 guess'd

guess'd the Reason of their coming ; and judging that their Enemies wou'd pay him the next Vifit, it was resolv'd to leave his House to their Mercy, and march away to the Green of *Keppoch* ; where they were no fooner arrived, but the Chevalier's Ears were pierced with the Cries and Lamentations of a Widow and fix fatherlefs Children ; for *Keppoch* was dead of the Wounds he received at the Battle of *Culloden*, and his Clan were juft returned from the Funeral of their Master. This mournful Scene afflicted him to the very Soul, and melted his whole Retinue into Tears. However, after a little Recollection, he faid,

‘ We muft act and not mourn ; and I think
 ‘ it is proper that thefe People (pointing to
 ‘ the *Mac Donalds* of *Keppoch*) fhould join
 ‘ with the *Camerons*, and keep in a Body till
 ‘ an Opportunity offers, either of making
 ‘ Head againft the Ufurper's Forces, or elfe
 ‘ of getting away to *France*, where I fhall
 ‘ be fure to ufe my utmoft Endervours, to get
 ‘ them incorporated with the *Scots* and *Irish*
 ‘ Regiments in the Pay of that Crown.

This Propofal was approved, and upon holding another Confultation it was resolv'd,

‘ That *Lockiel*, with the *Camerons*, and *Mac*
 ‘ *Donalds*, fhould keep in a Body, and favour any Landings from *France* ; while the
 ‘ Chevalier, with *Sullivan*, *Sheridan*, and
 ‘ others, were to traverse the Ifle, and endeavour

‘ deavour to raise such a Force, as with the
 ‘ Succours from Abroad, might enable him
 ‘ to make a Stand.’ The next Morning
 they set out for *Glenphilling*, where, at his
 first Landing, the *Camerons* erected his Stan-
 dard. Here they made a Cave the Place of
 their Residence, and set Centries at proper
 Distances, for six Miles round. They had
 Provisions enough; but the Chevalier, being
 uneasy in his Mind, after he had been there
 three Days, left them, and set out for the
 Isles. He and his Company went to the
 Shore in quest of a Boat to carry them over
 to *Lewis*, where, possibly, they might find
 a Vessel to transport them to *France*. But
 unluckily the Boats were all taken away;
 which obliged them to take to the Moun-
 tains, where they roam’d about three Days
 and Nights successively.

Here the Chevalier’s small Company, con-
 sisting of ten Persons, divided into small Par-
 ties, of two and two in each, and himself
 chose his two Favourites and *Kinloch Moidart*’s
 Brother for his Fellow Travellers, and agreed
 that if any Danger was apprehended, to ap-
 prize one another of it. It happened, that
 one *O Neal* an Officer, was taken Prisoner,
 who inform’d the Enemy of the several Mo-
 tions and hiding Places which the Chevalier
 frequented. Upon which the Royalists set
 themselves more vigorously than ever to find
 him out; and he had certainly fallen into
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their Hands, had not a Boat, much about the same Time, come from *South Uist*, which took him and his Company on Board, and sail'd directly for that Isle. But when they were at Sea, the Crew propos'd to sail to a little Island call'd *Carma*, to the Westward of *Mull*, where were many of his Friends. This was approved, and there they landed, and were entertained very cordially by the Inhabitants. Here they continued to the 28th of *May*; when perceiving some Vessels coming out of the Sound of *Mull*, and judging them to belong to the *Campbells*, they made off to *South Uist*, where they were hospitably entertain'd by the Lady *Clanronald* in her Lord's Absence.

In the mean Time General *Campbell* being inform'd of his Abode, march'd after him as fast as he could; which the Chevalier being informed of, *Sullivan* propos'd to separate, and that himself, *Sherridan*, and some others, would go to *Ireland*, and from thence to *France*, where he would represent his Case to the Court of *Versailles*. The Chevalier agreed to the Proposal, and they parted, and *Sullivan* got to *Ireland*, and from thence to *France*, where he discharged his Trust.

Meanwhile, the Royalists approaching, Lady *Clanronald* earnestly entreated the Chevalier to think of some Method of escaping: But his Spirits were in such Confusion, that he knew not what to say or do. Her Ladyship

ship therefore said, ' Here is a young Gentlewo-
 ' man Miss *Flora Mac Donald*, upon whom I
 ' will prevail to take your Highness under her
 ' Protection.' The Lady then dressed the Che-
 valier in Women's Cloaths, and he kept nothing
 on of his own, but his Breeches and Stockings.
 The Lady then ordered a Boat to be got ready,
 and to carry Miss *Flora* and her supposed Maid
 to the Isle of *Skey*, where the next Morning they
 landed, near the House of Sir *Alexander Mac*
Donald, whereto they went, and were civilly en-
 tertained by the Lady, who pressed them to stay
 all Night ; but Miss *Flora* desired to be excused,
 having urgent Business elsewhere.

After Dinner, they set out for the Laird of
Mac Kinnon's House, where he resumed his
 Figure and Dress. Here they staid all Night,
 and in the Morning Miss went Home. In the
 Evening he took a Walk to the Sea Side, where
 he met with *Norman Mac Leod*, an old Fisher-
 man, who knew him, and agreed to carry him
 to *Raarsa*, the Proprietor of which Island en-
 tertained him very generously, but being afraid
 of a Visit, advised him to return to *Skey* ; and
 accordingly *Mac Leod* conveyed him thither.

He had no sooner landed but he had a fresh
 Danger to encounter ; for a Company of *Mun-*
ro's Militia were waiting thereabouts, in Hopes
 of his falling into their Hands, and had with
 them a Blood-hound to trace him out. The
 Dog was got upon the Scent, and within less

than one hundred Yards of him, and the Men just behind, when *Mac Leod* saw them, and suspecting their Design, advised the Chevalier to strip himself naked, and go into the Water up to the Neck, while he amused the Dog with some Fish he had in his Hand in a String. The Chevalier did as he was directed, while *Mac Leod* hid his Cloaths in a Cliff of a Rock, and diverted the Dog with his Fish. By this Artifice the Chevalier was secur'd; but the Dog would not leave the Fisherman, till the Militiamen laid hold of him, who kept him till the next Day, but not being able to get any Information from him, they dismissed him, and he returned to the Chevalier by a different Way. He found him catching Mussels, and small Shell Fish, and breaking them with Stones to satisfy his Hunger, which perhaps, was never so sharp before. As soon as he saw *Mac Leod*, he fell down on his Knees, and lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, said, ' O God, I thank thee, that I ' have not fallen into the Hands of my Enemies; ' and surely thou hast still something for me to ' do, since in this strange Place, thou hast sent ' me back my Guide.' Then he told *Mac Leod* that he had continued in the Water for several Hours after he left him, but at last ventured out and put on his Cloaths; but durst not move from that desert Spot, judging it too hazardous to go up into the Country, where he was an utter Stranger. This Story *Mac Leod* has

has often reported, and as he was known to be an honest sincere, well-meaning Man, no Body ever doubted the Truth of it.

The Chevalier having had this surprizing Instance of his Guide's Fidelity, resigned himself wholly to his Conduct. ' Well then, said *Mac Leod*, we will go a little farther to the Northward, where your Highness has many Friends, though they have not been in Arms for your Interest, which, as Things have happened, makes it so much the better, because they are the less suspected, and the Militia are not upon the Watch among them.' Upon which they went forward, till they came to the House of one *M'Kenzie*, who entertained him very courteously, tho' with the utmost Privacy. Here, and in the Neighbourhood, he continued till the 21st of *July*; when hearing of General *Campbell* being landed at *Apple-cross Bay*, he entirely quitted the Country; but first sent home his Guide, as having, at present, no farther Occasion for him.

Having dress'd himself in the Habit of a Peasant, he took the Road to *Inverness*; but within two Miles of *Behan*, he turn'd aside, and crossed the Country to *Badenock*, where he continued till the 8th of *August*; when General *Campbell* being inform'd in what Manner he shifted his Abode, brought his Militia into that Part of the Country, and pursued him so closely, that they had frequently Sight of him, or,

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at least, of the Company he was in, but supposing them to be poor People, of no Consequence, took no farther Notice of them.

About this Time *Lochiel* sent the Chevalier an Invitation to meet him in a certain Cave. Thither he went, and it was agreed to repair separately to the Coast, and watch the Appearance of any Ship from *France*, on which they might embark. This being settled, the Chevalier with three or four of his Attendants, made for the Country of the *Mac Kenzies*, where they were but coldly received. The Chevalier therefore went to the Water-side, in Hopes to find *Mac Leod* his faithful Boatman; and after waiting forty-eight Hours, at last found him to his great Joy. Indeed, such was the forlorn Condition of the unhappy Chevalier, that the Sight of him must move Compassion in any generous Mind. His Linnen was exceeding dirty and foul, his Cloaths thread-bare and torn, his Shoes so rent that they could scarcely keep his Feet from the Ground. Besides which he had got the Itch.

Mac Leod, his Guide, took him into his Boat, and conducted him to a Gentleman's House, who furnished him with Cloaths and every Thing he wanted. From thence he removed to the Isle of *Skey*, where the Boatman took him to his own House, and prepared him a hot Supper, and then made him up a clean Bed, tho'

tho' the Materials of it were no better than Straw and good Blankets.

It was now the 3d of *September*, and the Nights being become long, they determin'd to seek out for a Vessel for him to embark in for *France*; to which End they set Sail, for *Ardnamarchan*, and from thence to *Scallisdale Bay* in *Mull*: But again apprehending he might be discovered; proceeded for *Tubermory*, and landing there in the Evening, went directly to the young Laird of *Mac Kinnon's* House, whose Lady entertained him very courteously. Here again he was in the utmost Danger; for the *Trial* Sloop of War being on that Coast, her Crew had got Intelligence where he was, and sail'd directly for *Tubermory* in Pursuit of him; and being inform'd of the very House he was in, sent a Party directly to it, and at the same Time mann'd a Boat, which fell down about three Miles lower. The Sailors landed at a Village, which they immediately surrounded, being resolv'd to have him if he was there. The Chevalier was now in the utmost Danger; but *Mac Kinnon's* Maid, dressing him in some of her own Cloaths, helped him, once more, to make his Escape. Thus disguised, in Company with the Lady and her Maid, they pass'd the Guard that was posted at the Door, and gave the Men Money for their Civility, in suffering them to go away unmolested. As soon as they were got clear of the Enemy, they made the
best

best of their Way to that End of *Mull*, which is nearest *Coll*, where a Boat well mann'd, waited to receive them. In this Boat he pass'd over to *Coll*; but his Pursuers having again got Scent of him, he made off, in the same Boat, to *Egg*; hither they followed him likewise, which obliged him to fly to *Barra*, where his Pursuers were soon after him. Here he must inevitably have been taken, had not the Boatmen thrust the Boat into a Place which the Enemy could have no Sight of; and the very Moment the Sloop's Crew landed, the others put to Sea, and set the Chevalier a-shore in *South Uist*; and going the same Night to the Harbour of *Flota*, found a *French* Schooner of about twenty Tons, that had been there waiting some Time for him. In this Vessel he joyfully embark'd, together with seven other Persons, and, among them, his dear and trusty Friend *Lochiel*, with one Capt. *MacLeod*, and one *Mac Kinnon*; but the others being private Men, the Knowledge of them is of small Moment. The next Morning, *September 17*, they set Sail for *Boulogne*, where, after a quick Passage, they safely arrived, to his infinite Satisfaction, and to the surprize of both Friends and Enemies.

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